Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.
Iag. Go to, farewell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?
Rod. What say you?
Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?
Rod. I am chang'd, Ile goe sell all my land.
Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true—
Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume vp my will,
A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othelloe's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cyprus, *With two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heauen and the mayne
Descry a saile. *Mon.*

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when the huge mountains melt,
Can hold the Mortises? what shall we hear of this?
2. *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand vpon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous maine,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever fixed pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embay'd, they're drownd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

Scene 11. Enter 3d Gentleman.

3. *Gent.* Newes, lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designement halts. Another ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of the fleet.
Mont. How! is this true?
3. *Gent.* The ship is here put in;
A Veronesso, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himselfe's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Gevernor.
3. *Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blew
An indistinct regard.

Come